Subject: "Among the Bedouins."

TEXT: "Forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness."-Num. X., 31.

Night after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedou-ins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms were out and torloose those coverings others of the same kind

took their places.

Noah lived in a tent; Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk called "leben" as a soporific to make him sleep soundly, that being the effect of such The Syrian army in a tent the ancient battle shout was "To your ats, O Israel!" Paul was a tent maker. Indeed Isaiah magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in,"and Hezekah compares death to the striking of a tent, saying, "My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you may have seen this monster putting his month between the iron hers of a menageria he is a captive, and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the mid-night on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrifile, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whining. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and bloodthirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared, and the lions that once were common all through this land, and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have reof which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it origi-nally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jeru-salem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth and from Nazareth to Tiberias and from Ti berias to Damascas, that one nerve of civilization, the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brook-lyn and New York while standing by Lake Galilee), with that one exception Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the per-

sister e of everything. A sheep or horse falls sead, and though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings in five min utes after the skies are black with eagles cawing, screaming, plunging, fighting for room, contending for largest morsels of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Chuist's illustration when Hes extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when He the eagles be gathered together." The long-evity of those eagles is wonderful. They live fifty and sixty and sometimes a hundred years. Ah, that explains what David meant when he said: "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat far bent outward, and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of ap-parel, and I said to the dragoman: "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying; it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom and I said: "There it is now. Isaiah's description of the tender-

Passing by a village home, in the Holy Land, about noon I saw a great crowd in and around a private house, and I said to the dragoman: "David, what is going on there?" He said: "Sompholy has recently died there. He said: "Somebody has recently died there, and their neighbors go in for several days after to sit down and weep with the bercaved." There it is, I said, the old scriptural custom, "And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them con-cerning their brother." Early in the morn-told us that every morning, very early for three mornings after a burial, the women go to the sepulcher, and after that every week very early for a year. As I saw this group just after daybreak I said: "There it is again, the same old custom referred to in Luke, the evangelist, where he says, 'Certain women which were early in the sepulcher.'"

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it balonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said, seated on this well curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman, climbing up to the well over the slippery stones, stumbles and fright-ensus all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edga to edga. Some grass and waarb and thorny growths overhang it. In one place the roof is broken through. Large stones embank the wall on all sides

Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and from the time they left his hand to the instant they clicked on the bot tom you could hear it was deep, though not as deep as once, for every day travelers are applying the same test, and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler the well was a hundred and sixty-five feet deep, now it is only seventy-five. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about that well that during the dry season a Captain Anderson descended into this well, at one place the sides so close he had to put his hands over his head in order to get through, and then he fainted away and lay at the bottom of the well as though dead, until hours after recoverv he came to the surface.

It is not like other wells digged down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rains, and to that Christ refers when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply He said He would, if asked, have given her "living water," that is, water from a flowing spring in distinction from the water of the well, which was rain water. But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and fountains and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well perhaps two hundred feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off, he could have water from other formations to be a superficient of the could have water from other formations. fountains at little or no expense? Ab, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off, so the shovels and pickaxes and boring instruments were ordered, and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own weil he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character, independence of moral character, independence of religious char-acter. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God given you good health, common sens and two eyes and two ears and two hands and two feet. He equipped you for independence of all the universe except Himself. It He had meant you to be dependent on others

you would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie fast to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own music, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need and that is God. Have your own well and the Lord will fill it. Dig it if need be through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it with your yard stick, or dig it with your

shovel, or dig it with your Bible. In my small way I never accomplished anything for God or the church,or the world, or my family, or myself, except in contradic-tion to human advice and in obedience to divine counsel. God knows everything, and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the suppose that when Jacob began to dig this

well on which we are sitting this moontide people gathered around and said, "What a people gathered around and said, what a useless expense you are going to, when rolling down from yonder Mount Ebal and out yonder in the valley is plenty of water."
"Oh," replied Jacob, "that is all true, but suppose my neighbors should get angered against me and cut off my supply of mountain beverage, what would I do, and what would my family do, and what would my flocks and herds do? Forward, ye brigade of pickaxes and crowbars, and go down into the depths of these rocks and make me independent of all except. Him who fills the bottles of

the clouds! I must have my own well! Young man, drop cigars and cigarettes and wine cups and the Sunday exertsions, and build your own house, and have your own wardrobe, and be your own capitalist's "Why, I have only five hundred dollars in-"Why, I have only live nundred dollars in-come a year!" says some one. Then spend four hundred dollars of it in living, and ten per cent. of it, or fifty dollars, in benevo-lence, and the other fifty in beginning to dig your own well. Or if you have a thousand dollars a year spend eight hundred dollars of it in living, ten per cent., or one hundred dollars in benevolence, and the renumered donars, in believoired, and the re-meaning one hundred in beginning to dig your own well. The largest bird that ever flew through the air was hatched out of one egg, and the greatest estate was brooded out of

suppose when Jacob began to dig this well, on whose curb we are now seated this December noon, it was a dry season then as now, and some one comes up and says: "Now Jacob, suppose you get the well firty feet deep or two hundred feet deep and there should be no water to fill it, would you ast feel silly?" People passing along the road feel silly?" Peoplé passing along the road and looking down from Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal near by would laugh and say:
"That is Jacob's well, a great hole in the
rock, illustrating the man's folly." Jacob eplied: "There never has been a well in Palestine or any other country that on thoroughly dug was not sooner or later filled from the clouds, and this will be no excep-

For months after Jacob had completed the well people went by, and out of respect for the deluded old man put their hand over the defined cld man put their hand over their mouth to hide a suicker, and the well remained as dry as the bottom of a kettle that had been hauging over the fire for threa hours. But one day the sun was drawing water, and the wind got round to the east and it began to drizzle, and then great drops sulabled all over the well curb and the splashed all over the well curb, and the heavens opened their reservoir and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks, and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full, and the cameis thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied, and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep, and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood and all the passersby realized that Jacob was wise in having his own well. My hearer, it is your part to dig your own well, and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and He will do His part. Much is said about "good luck," but people who are industrious and self denying al-

most always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug and filled it will be your turn to

laugh.

But look up from this famous well and see two mountains and the plain between them, on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred fee nigh, on one side, and on the other Mount Ebal, the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the fiva hundred thousand people on the plain cried Amen with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says some one, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a oice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that while the tops are two miles apart the bases of the mountains are only half s mile apart, and the tribes stood on the side of the mountains, and the air is so clear and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain, as has been demonstrated by travelers fifty times in the last fifty years.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what

transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive service went on and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store," and then from Mount Ebal, thousands of voices responded, crying: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketa the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the spaces between the mountains that one word with which the devout of earth close their prayers and the glorifled of heaven finish their doxologies, "Amen! Amen!"— that scene only to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the churches and the academies of music and the auditoriums of earth, no longer large enough to hold the worshipers of God; the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphithe-atresof the valleys, shall be filled with the outpouring populations of the earth and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and dominion and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the

thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride, until now we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill sur-rounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys, Phineas and Hophni; and life is not worth living after one's children life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than those parents who, their children recreant and profligate, live on with broken hearts to see them going down into desper and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here to-day to whom death would be hearty along these parts of their recreat to be happy release because of their recreant sons. if there be recreant sons here present and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the closs of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed take your feet off the sed heart of the old howested off the sad hearts of the old homestead

Many, many letters do I get in purport saying: My son is in your cities; we have not heard from him for some time; we fear somethic it. thing is wrong; bunt him up and say a good word to him; his mother is almost crazy about him; he is a child of many prayers. But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this and ence? Where are you, my boy? On the main floor, or on this platform, or in these boxes, or in these great galleries? Where are you? Lift your right hand. I have a message from home. Your father is anxious about your your mother is praying for you. Your Go. is calling for you. Or will you wait until E falls back lifeless, and the heart against whic. you lay in infancy ceases to beat? What a

story to tell in eternity that you killed her But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under Lad news from his and find close by what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an annual ball, where the maidens of the city amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets danced in glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gayieties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scepe. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up household of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose for the queen of his home and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for these two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a

As to-day near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night, and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better land and the better times in which we live, when such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms, and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there

come the blessing of Him "who setteth the solitary in families." Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in heaven!

But we must tais afternoon, our last day

before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as He cross it on the way from Jerusalem to Mazareth? Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of ground that has not at some time been gullied with war chariots or trampled with the

hoofs of cavalry.

It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through its rages at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November when there is almost always a shower of meteors, so that the "stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swathes of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it. David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard Cour de Lion and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Ar-

mageddon.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions round in which the holy cross—the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified—was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host, and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon-for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war come before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying: "Ho! for Jerusalem!" "Ho! for all Palestine!" and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these there there are a Tonyrous with hundred. these thousands. Tennyson's "six hundred," when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the holy cross. They took hold lof the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and sides hurled them back again

On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle ax right and left till his horsefell under the plunge of the jave-lins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which min-gled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hot-test close around the wooden cross upheld by the bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder and flercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle ax upon helmet, and piercing spear against splinter-ing shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooded cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzza of the victorious Moslems.

But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightlest army of the ages, are following it, and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the ninetcenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon I lift to day for your marshaling. The cross! The cross! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, and the outspread beams of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegian its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdraelon reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon soothing me as by a lul-laby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives America is here and Europe is here and Asia is here and Africa is here, and all heaven is here and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, and I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I hear the wild rush as of million of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory as from fourteen hundred million throats, and then a song as though all the armies of earth and heaven were joining it clapping cymbals, beating the time—The kingdoms of this world are become the king-doms of our Lord and of His Christ, and Ho shall reign for ever and ever."

Such is Fame!

Ther are still a few of the settlers at Florida, Monroe county, Mo., who were there when Mark Twain was a boy going to a small country school at that dressing, or mask with mayounaise. place. Florida is a wee backwoods settlement with nothing to recommend it but the humorist it turned out and in Salt River. Some of the old-timers remember the lank, good-for-nothing Sam Clemens, who used to fish day in and day out the summer through, and spend the winter telling stories at the grocery. There is one old fellow there at least, however, to whom the fame of America's greatest humorist has never come. A stranger was stopping at Florida recently and the old man was pointed out to him as one of the pio-

"Where was Mark Twain born?" he asked the old fellow, after chatting with him awhile. "Mark Twain?" he queried, in aston-

ishment, "who's he?" "Why, the humorist," explained the gentlemen, amused at the density of the old fellow's ignorance.

"Youmerist, eh? Never heerd o' him an' I guess ef he'd ever lived nigh here "His name was Samuel Clemens;

don't you remember him?" The old fellow scratched his head thoughtfully, and in a moment his memory helped him out.

"Sam Clemens," he said: "Oh, yes, I remember Sam. He left here young though, an' everybody said that he was the good-fer-nothinest boy they ever seed. Sam was a long-spindle-shanked feller, an' I never seed him do a lick a work in all his days. But, ez I said, he left here young, an' I never heerd what become o' him. Penitentery mos' prob'ly.

There has been inaugurated in Paris, France, a novel development of the automatic fountain invention. It is for the supply of hot water. Automatic fountains are becoming one of the features of out-of-door Paris.

A flock of blackbirds three miles long and half a mile wide passed over Arlington, Ga., a day or two ago.

HOUSTHOLD MATTERS.

TO COOK MEAT

The Vest methods of cooking meat are not practiced in ordinary kitchens because the reasons for certain procedures are not understood. For instance, a piece of meat is put over the fire and boiled rapidly till it is considered done, when it should have been subjected to only very moderate heat, and the water, instead of boiling madly, should have merely fimmered, because the first process makes it tough and stringy, while the second leaves it tender and palatable. Joints of fresh meat require from twenty to twenty-five minutes per pound. Salted meat should have nearly twice as long cooking or it will not be tender. Judgement must be used regarding the size and shape. A large, flat piece of beef, having more surface exposed to the heat, will take less time to cook than a leg of mutton of the same size.

There is a belief among housekeepers that, in boiling, meat loses much of its value. On the contrary, careful experiment shows that a sirloin of beef, weighing twelve pounds, lost in roasting fortyfour ounces, while twelve pounds of beef lost only twenty-five ounces in boiling. The loss sustained in boiling, being capa ble of use as soup, can hardly be called a loss. It is therefore proved without argument that boiling is the more economical. But it can not be denied that the flavor of roast meat is far superior. To be perfect it should be roasted before an open fire with frequent basting and turning, but such cooking borders on the impossible and we have a good resource in careful baking. The oven should be very hot and the beef put in without water in the pan. In ten or fifteen minutes the heat will have slightly crusted the beef, which should then be basted with clear drippings every ten minutes. The object of thus quickly searing the beef is to prevent the escape of the juices. If nine minutes to the pound be allowed, the resultwill be a very good imitation of juicy, rare, real roasted beef.

Broiling is one of the simplest and most wholesome methods of cooking meat, but it requires care. The want of constant watchfulness ruins steak, fish, or whatever is on the broiler.

Frying is a method worthy of more respect than public opinion grants it. It is the abuse of the practice which has brought it into disgrace. Throwing a lump of cold fat upon a cold frying pan and putting the meat on that, the careless cook leaves it to work out its own destruction, which it surely does, for as the mest and fat heat together the former is thoroughly soaked by the latter and becomes sodden, unsavory and unwholesome. Frying as it should be is actually boiling in fat, and it is impossible to fry properly without a large quantity of fat, be it lard or drippings, and it should be very hot before anything is put into it. To test the temperature a bit of bread should be thrown in. If it crisps instantly the heat is right, but if the bread scorches, the fat is too hot and the pan must be lifted to a cooler place. If the bread does not brown the fat is not hot enough. There is no extravagance in using a large quantity of fat, for it can be poured into a bowl and used again and again. Clarify it, when necessary, by boiling it up in water, then let it cool,

every scrap of dripping that runs out is saved, the accumulation will, in most families, afford abundant supply in frying in the manner described. Poultry should be put into the pot breast downward, with warm, not hot, water enough to cover it, and be brought very gradually to the boiling point, and then allowed to simmer steadily till a trial of their joints shows that they are done. No rule can be given for the time

when the sediment will fall to to the

bottom of the water and the fat rise on

top. If in boiling and roasting meats

POTATO RECIPES.

required, for young fowls will take less time than old ones .- American Agricul-

turist.

Potato Croquettes-Add the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of nutmeg, and one of cayenne to warm mashed potatoes; mould into tiny little cones or cylinders, dip into beaten egg and cracker dust and drop into boiling fat. When done, remove with a wire spoon, and drain a moment on tissue-paper.

Crust Potato-Fill a baking dish with mashed potato ready for the table, glaze with beaten egg, and brown the top with a salamander or red-hot shovel. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Potato Salad-Slice freshly boiled potatoes (still warm) into a bowl; add a white onion cut into rings, a tablespoonful of capers, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley; pour over it a French

Potato Soup-Slice six or eight potatoes into three pints of mixed milk and water; add a carrot, two or three stalks the great catfish that are caught there of celery, and a leek minced together, a few whole peppers, and some salt. Boil an hour, strain into tureen, and serve with hot crou tons (stale bread cut into dice and fried crisp).

Potatoes as a Garnish-These are cut into tiny balls, by means of a scoop coming for the purpose, and boiled in saltwater; with chopped parsley and melted butter poured over them, they form an excellent garnish for fish. When used to garnish roast beef or veal, they are boiled to a delicate brown in fat or lard. The remnants of the potato which result from the cutting of these balls are boiled separately, mashed and reserved for cro-

Potatoes when properly warmed over are as appetizing as freshly prepared ones, and frequently allow one to econemize time as well as material. Among the following recipes will be found a few desirable dishes for breakfast or lunch-

Potato Omelet-Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice or small lumps. Rub smoothly together, without scorching, a tablespoon each of butter and flour; thin slightly with stock or water; when boiling, add the diced potatoes, and heat thoroughly. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a spider, pour into it the potatoes, brown underneath, add chopped parsley, and fold like an omelet. Serve quickly. This makes an excellent accompaniment for hash. If minced meat has been left from a previous meal, warm it, and fold within the omelet instead of parsley.

Creamed Potatoes-Slice cold boiled potatoes into a sauce made by thinning a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour (thickened and smoothed over the fire) with hot milk. Heat through, and sprinkle with minced parsley .- Harper's

A total of 372 new Granges have been organized this year.

A Ship for a Whale's Partner. A letter from Adelaide, Australia, says that while Capt. Hepworth, of the steamship Port Adelaide, was taking his sights, he noticed a large sperm whale alongside, so close that his spouting wet the deck. The creature had evidently lost his "school," and mistaken the ship for one of his own species. He remained with it for four days and nights, and traveled 890 nautical or 1,025 miles without a rest, and as far as one could gather, without food. He was never more than seventy yards away, and for the most part close against the ship, under her quarter, where the draught made swimming easier for him. The length of the animal was about forty-seven feet. The first day he was very lively, diving frequently beneath the ship's bottom, on one occasion scratching himself severely. After that he kept close alongside like a tired Newfoundland dog.

"BAB" says there are no women cranks. As soon as they become cranks they cease to be women.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or billious. For sale in 50c, and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Where rumor is affoat gossip finds smooth

sailing.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

Messra F. J. Chency & Co.—Gentlemen:—Lave been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as nuch confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manafactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,

L. L. Gorscen, M. D.,

Ve will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken in ernally.

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No man is as good at home as his picture looks in a neighbor's album.

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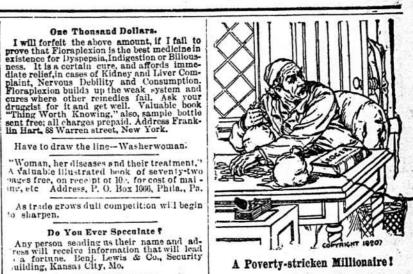
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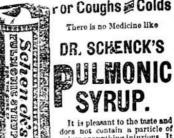
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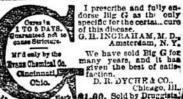
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